

COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1919.

NO.8.

ST. JOE vs. ST. VIATORS.

On Thursday, February 20th. St. Viator's team was outclassed by St. Joe on the latter's floor, by the score of 23 to 16. This game was one of the best this season, played by the local Varsity. Rose was at his best and scored five ringers. Wellman after tipping the ball went into the field of the adversaries playing stationary guard. This was a novelty for Wellman, and St. Viator was forced to resort to long shots at which they were least proficient. St. Joe's efficient and peppery pass work gave them the start and the first half ended with a score of 10 to 6.

At the beginning of the second half St. Joe rambled toward the basket by spurts. Rose and O'Brien each caged a pill followed immediately by Bushel. After this spurt a guarding game ensued for fully ten minutes when O'Brien, Wellman and Harber secured the ball and started the St. Joe pass. St. Joe then rung two baskets and cinched the game. The final whistle blew leaving St. Joe with the bacon. Rose, Harber, and Wellman for St. Joe and Bushel starred for St. Viator. The lineup:

St. Joe.	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Rose	5	0	10
Schaefer	1	0	2
Wellman	0	0	0
O'Brien	3	1	7
Harber	2	0	4
Totals	11	1	23
St. Viator	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Bushel	5	0	10
Lyons	3	0	6
Delaney	0	0	0
Sweeney	0	0	0
Kearney	0	0	0
Totals	8	0	16

Referee Quirk, Rensselaer.

CONTENT.

I wearied of my shoes — a half old pair.
And thought of new ones, shaped and tan.
I found they fit — the cost was fair,
I paid, and homeward brisk and eager ran.

I doffed the shoes with knotted strings and torn,
And full of glee I donned the new.
Alack! too tight! I could have sworn
That yesterday they fit — these shining two.

But Pa and Ma and Sis they eyed them well
And though they spoke not, I felt glad —
So glad and proud as few can tell.
But ouch! those shoes so pinched they made me mad.

Not Sis nor Ma nor Pa I cared to tell
About my feelings so forlorn,
I'd seize my chance those shoes to sell
And don once more in bliss the wide and worn.

MUSINGS OF A QUONDAM JANITOR.

The janitor is often looked upon as one totally ignorant of the pleasures of life, as a menial and one inviting disdain. Far be it from me wantonly to contradict the statements of many illustrious personages, but who would shrink in the face of duty? It is my earnest desire to dispel all doubts and erroneous views on this most exalted profession, and to glorify it, if I am able, by reference to experiences gleaned from intimate association with the shovel, broom and coal bin; for I myself, (and I blush not to say it) was once a janitor.

The most outstanding attribute of janitorship is power; to the janitor belongs the jurisdiction of the building; in his possession is the sesame to the happiness of his charges. This power arises from his necessity. What, indeed, would an apartment building do without a janitor? He is the foundation of the idea of an apartment house. What cries arise in the morning from the bachelor's rooms, when, upon taking his matutinal tub, he finds the water exceedingly cold! Whom does he berate first of all, and who finally is his refuge in this dire affliction? The janitor, embodiment both of magnanimity and despotism. Did ever Roman emperor have power equal to this? He can humble the greatest men, can make them sob for heat and rage impotently at his calm, deliberate air. His is the power of life and death, of comfort and hardship! Do homage all ye his subjects!

Again, to find your true philosopher you must come to the janitor! Life in all its varied phases passes daily before him, but he reviews it with a blase and nonchalant attitude, for he stands apart from the "madding crowd." His are the joys of contemplation, than which there can be no greater. In winter, at the first strident summons of his alarm clock, he nimbly leaps out of bed, warmed by the radiant heat of his steam boiler, and, having performed his ablutions, (very perfunctorily, of course,) he proceeds to his labors. Very deliberately he inspects the fire, shakes out the ashes, and with great care adjusts the dampers. Then he brings his shovel into play, and roar upon roar gives ample evidence of the astonishing appetite of the ever devouring maw of the boiler. Soon the needle of the pressure gauge begins to rise, and a benign smile illuminates the visage of the janitor, a smile very much akin to that of all other great benefactors of mankind. This task accomplished, he repairs to breakfast, exhausted by his strenuous efforts, and overwhelmed by the sense of his importance to the poor benighted beings upstairs.

And now he sallies forth with brush and broom and dust pan to clean the hallways. But why this sudden outburst of vitriolic language on the third floor? Is it but another instance of connubial

bliss? Nay, not so! Some audacious feminine has dared to reproach, aye, to scold the janitor for what she considers lax methods. In haughty grandeur he stands there, oblivious to the tirade, and desiring its finish only because he can work better when quiet prevails. Will these people never realize how important these appeals to the master of their household destinies? This complainant has but lately arrived, which doubtless explains this unseemly conduct. Experience alone will teach her.

He continues sweeping the hallway, thoughtfully considering the dust particles floating through the air, and evolving great schemes to lighten his labors. He ponders long and deeply over the various questions of the day, and by the time his task is done, has solved each problem. Satisfied with the labors of mind and body he picks up his implements to hold session in his lair in the basement. But fate would not have it so, and interposes in the guise of a hapless young housewife, whose electric iron, as she vehemently declares, "absolutely won't work!" Instinctively she turns to the janitor for aid, for she has often viewed him from afar, and marvelled at the appearance of wisdom which he presented.

This is a rare opportunity for the janitor to demonstrate both his powers of speech and skill of hand. With consummate diplomacy he approaches his victim, demurring somewhat at the work, and explaining to the bewildered young woman the wiles of the "juice," the probability of "crossed wires," and the danger of "blow-outs" and "short circuits." Totally crushed by this imposing array of terms, she shrinks from him in awe, and wonders at her temerity in addressing so erudite a personage. Finally, however, with the air of one conferring a great boon, the janitor condescends to do the work, meanwhile making subtle suggestions as to the propriety of tips, and complaining bitterly about the small salary which he receives. These preliminaries over with, he ensconces himself in the most comfortable chair in the kitchen, and after an infinite deal of "puttering," to impress the housewife with the magnitude of the task, he repairs the iron. Rising easily from his chair, he announces complacently that the iron is ready for service, and then wanders aimlessly about the kitchen, again making references to employers who underestimate the value of their employees. At last the tip is forthcoming, and, having taken the coin in a disdainful manner, (to keep up the atmosphere,) he marches serenely out of the apartments to his room in the nether regions, congratulating himself on his sharp-wittedness and gloating over his prize.

But summer is the season of greatest delights for the janitor. Gone are the cares attendant to the heating of a large steam boiler, a small hot water boiler alone claims his attention. He still has his various duties to perform about the building, such as sweeping the hallways and sidewalks, but these, except on rainy days, are play compared to the arduous work of winter. His principal task now is to keep the lawn in proper condition, which implies sprinkling and cutting the grass, and trimming the shrubery. At peep of dawn he rises from his couch and goes forth to his work, sprinkling the lawn with extreme care, for the

lawn is the janitor's pride. And he sprinkles not only the lawn, but allows the hose to turn toward the street, never, of course, in the spirit of playfulness, but to settle the dust and to test the pressure of the water. He greets passersby cheerily, and perhaps holds a conversation with the neighboring janitor, said conversation, of course, being purely on matters technical, for your janitor is too weighty a personage to trifle with the idle gossip of the hour. The lawn thoroughly saturated, the janitor withdraws his forces, and beats a strategic retreat to his rooms, where breakfast awaits him.

After some time our hero emerges, exuding the odor of ham and eggs, and dragging a lawn mower after him. Cutting grass is the one task which, from time immemorial, has been rather a pleasure than a drudgery. There is fascination in rushing down the rows, and surveying the havoc which follows in one's wake, there is a melody in the whirr of the blades and a suggestion of green fields in the heaps of moist grass. And when the grass has been cut, and the edges of the plot nicely trimmed, an air of cleanliness pervades the place, even like that feeling of freshness which every person feels upon having his fair locks shorn. This feeling surpasses description, but I feel sure that all men have experienced it, unless perchance they be Samsons, and Delilahless at that.

And now, I ask you, are you convinced of the sublime character of this most noble profession? Despise not, then, the janitor, this great benefactor of the human race, and hearken to the advice which I would give you. If ever woes assail you, if ever life loses its zest, cast aside your cares, become a Stoic among Stoics, be a janitor!

— C. G.

THINGS HEARD IN COLLEGEVILLE.

Who are all those big quiet sedate fellows?
Why don't you know the seniors.

Who said Blue Monday? You don't get a long sleep every day you know.

Prof. — Why did you change the title of the debate, Joe?

J. Pickard. — Why we threw up and — — —
Prof. — Before or after dinner?

Sleep and the world sleeps with you,
Snore and you are awakened.

Koch. — "I say that Wojinsky was born in America: therefore he is an American."

Kempson. — "Not at all. Why you poor fish, if a cat should have kittens in the oven would you call 'em biscuits?"

Lamotte seated in smoking club industriously exercising his hair, was asked by Shoemaker:
"Pickin' 'em out?"

Lamotte. — "Naw, I takes 'em just as they come."

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ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Wednesday, March 5, 1919.

EDITORIALS.

When Aurora Goes Over the Top.

Tomorrow morning when you awaken, pat yourself on the back that you are awakened by the bell. Why? because Aurora is coming over the top for a surprise attack. All the Sammies have wished many times that they would be warned by a bell so as not to be taken by surprise. It goes without saying that they lost many good hours of sleep watching for the unexpected. Now if we had to lie awake watching for Aurora we wouldn't feel much like getting up. This deserves one pat on the back.

Time after time one or the other army was forced to move on, when the enemy came over the top, but as often as this happened and though the number forced was enormous, Aurora comes over the top daily and moves millions upon millions to action. His method is more systematic and he accomplishes his purpose by more gentle means than by bayonets and machine guns. He has every consideration for us poor mortals and throws his soft shaft of light gradually. He dims his beacon so that our eyes become accustomed to his approach and when his soft touch is of sufficient strength to make us realize his presence we awaken with a smile; except, you know, when we want a long sleep and don't get it: Pat number two.

But why should this wandering irradiator possess such domination over the cantankerous inhabitants of no man's land, — vote NO on national suffragettism. It cannot be that because his task is endless, his sense of humor is touched and he cannot bear to see others enjoying sweet sleep. Were this true he would certainly use more vigorous efforts in rousing us from slumber.

Happiness is harbored in light and sunshine, so what is more natural than that golden Aurora possessing an over-abundance of the latter is kind enough to bestow the forerunner of happiness at the very commencement of our animated existence. Wave a scented flower before the nostrils of a babe, and he will awaken smiling; let Aurora caress you and you cannot resist a smile.

A BALLAD OF SILENCE.

Both young and old will I befriend,
To none was I e'er an enemy.
To those who love my joys I send —
For those who loathe, I'm misery.

I am a virgin in the morn
To be received respectfully,
At eve content of me is born
To help men rest right peacefully.

In struggles I prove mightier —
When speech is silver, I'm of gold.
My voice is plain, and flightier;
I check the wild, I tame the bold.

If any wish to seek relief,
They best succeed who'er feel bad;
For I am mother's lap to grief
And I am bosom for the sad.

To those who stay most true with me,
To them will I remain most true.
My finger warns from flattery,
My half-raised arm forbids the shrew.

My cheeks flow red at talk impure,
My angry eye dims falsehood's trace;
I bite my lips and scarce endure
To hear men fame and name deface.

A friend am I so easy lost —
Yet right acquainted, scarce to lose.
O no one feels as sad to cost
A break; as happy to rechose.

I am the wind that flutters care —
That blows in piles stray leaves of joy.
All thoughts I cleanse, all words I bare
Like blessed rain and snow so coy.

A lake am I to cool men's ire,
And as the hill that mounts o'er gloom;
A sun I am to dry the mire
And give to stepping patience room.

My greatest victories are there
Where men see none; when men are blind
When grief is deep, when love sincere,
In me repose, response men find.

Then fly with me around the earth —
Fly free, unhindered as the bird.
For I am Conqueror of Worth
And oh! I never spoke a word!

St. Joe 23 — Brook 14.

Last night the Varsity played Brook Hi on the home floor. The game was not a good one owing to the fact that St. Joe could not find the basket.

Brook came back with a strong defensive game and were ahead in the first half. St. Joe found the basket somewhat better in the last half and easily surpassed Brook in points. Good team work was displayed on both sides. The game was exceptionally clean and speedy.

St Joe has won 12 games out of 14.

INSIST UPON

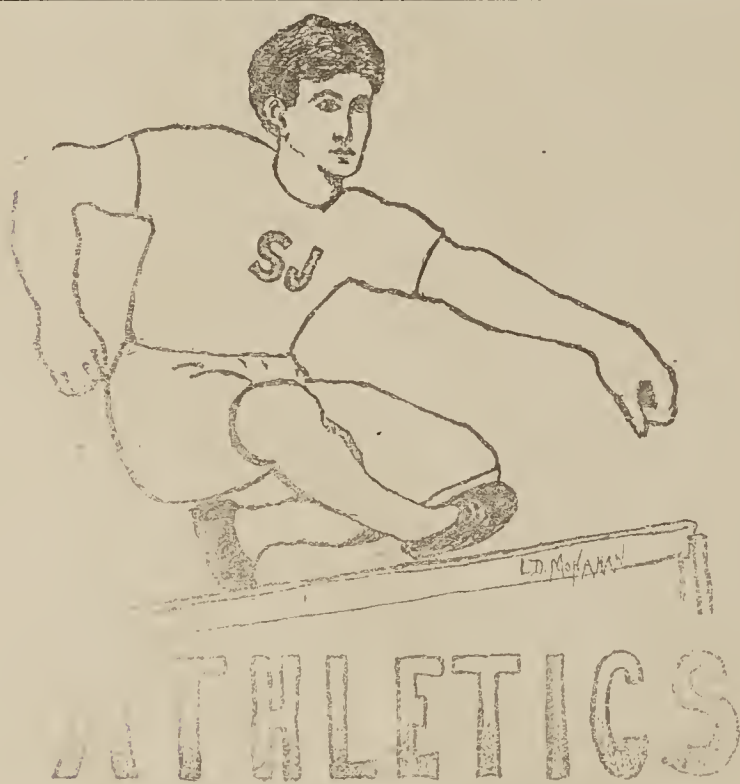
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St. Joe and the Bacon.

The Y. M. P. Cs of Lafayette were unable to meet the pace set by the visiting St. Joe quintet February 25, for the third game as well as defeat of the season. With the addition of Ricks at center and McKay at guard, the Lafayette five felt confident that victory would be with the home team. The first five minutes of play, however, gave the purple and reds a comfortable lead which was maintained throughout the game. Despite this fact, the home team displayed excellent sportsmanship, however, and put up a stiff fight for their colors.

The game started with a rush when Schaefer circled the floor for the first two points. Throughout the mixup was fast and clean. The first half ended with the score 17 to 2. The second division was a more successful one for the home team. A few snappy spurts were made and brought the finals up to 36 for St. Joe and 13 for the Ys. O'Brien was at his best and Schaefer was there with the true eye. Pawlak was strong for the home team. Lineup:

St. Joe	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Rose	4	0	8
Schaefer	7	0	11
Wellman	1	0	2
O'Brien	3	4	11
Harber	1	0	2
Vonder Haar	0	0	0
Schaffer	0	0	0

Y. M. P. C.	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
Totals	15	4	36
Pawlak	3	0	6
Beile	0	0	0
Ricks	1	1	3
McKay	1	0	2
Bossung	0	0	0
Kallmeyer	1	0	2
Runyon	0	0	0
Deinhart	0	0	0
Totals	6	1	13

St. Joe Takes Laurels Once More.

The local Varsity motored over to Brook last Thursday where they clashed with the fast Brook team. Although Brook outweighed St. Joe, they were a clean and fast bunch of sports. With the blow of the whistle both teams were off like a shot; for three minutes neither team scored, when St. Joe put in a field goal. After that both teams succeeded in placing the ball through the rim. When the shot for the first half was given St. Joe led by a score of 9 to 8. At the beginning of the second half the real war started. Each team tried to get the lead, but the classy and peppy pass work of St. Joe soon placed them far in the lead. However, Brook did not give up and made the Purple and Red work for every basket they scored. It is hard to say which man starred for St. Joe. Wellman, as stationary guard, foiled every attempt at a short shot; O'Brien and Harber were all over the floor breaking up pass work. Rose, on account of his hip, was not as spry at basket shooting as usual, but he kept feeding A. Schaefer with the ball, who had a good supply of skill and luck up his sleeve and succeeded in dropping seven field goals for St. Joe.

The lineup follows:

St. Joe	Fdg.	Flg.	P.	Brook Hi	Fdg.	Flg.	P.
A. Schaefer	7	0	14	Steton	4	1	9
Rose	1	0	2	Park	1	0	2
Wellman	0	0	0	C. Herriman	0	0	0
O'Brien	3	1	7	B. Herriman	0	0	0
Harber	0	0	0	Hess	1	0	2
				Collier for Hess	1	0	2
Totals	11	1	23	Totals	7	1	15

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St. Joe. vs Rensselaer.

On Sunday March 2, Rensselaer's 2nd team was defeated by the Freshman Hi Team of St. Joe. The score was more or less even and Rensselaer was in the lead until the last part of the game. St. Joe tied and threw a ringer ahead. Rensselaer came with a tying basket and St. Joe threw the winner just before the whistle blew winning the game with a score of 19 to 17.

Kallal and Cabel starred for St. Joe and Filton for Renssselaer.

WHISKERS.

By Prof. Wiseacre Knowall.

As a befitting introduction to this concise treatise and as a proof of the writers sincerity and veracity in matters of such paramount importance he wishes to correct an error that has crept into the ulterior paragraph of the last installment. When he speaks about thinning out whiskers he should have said: "Let your personal enemy do it for you, because he will make a more thorough job of it than your friend would."

Once again the writer is introducing you into nature's workshop. Imagine you are passing a young grove through which a destructive tornado has passed on the previous day. What a devastation. One tree is hanging this way, one another. Some are lying on the ground, others have lost their crowns. Most of this havoc could have been avoided if the slender stems would have been tied to strong props.

The above is a true picture of neglected whiskers. One hair grows upward, another down; some lie on the surface, others stick straight out. How is such a "mixtum gatherum" to be remedied? In this wise: From Sears Roebuck and Co. of Chicago, you will order about \$6.00 worth of sewing needles or pins, (pins are cheaper), and about four common sized spools of silk thread, (color to match your whiskers). When this consignment has arrived you stick a pin to each hair, firmly and in such a direction as you wish the hair to grow, generally at an angle of 45 degrees downward on cheeks and chin, and at the same angle sideways on the upper lip. Then you tie each hair to the prop with the afore mentioned silk thread. In the beginning these pins may ruffle your feeling to some extent, causing a similar sensation as prickly heat, but with a firm purpose to back you up, you will in a short time get used to it, and in about six weeks the pins can safely be removed, because then the hair will stay in that position into which it has been trained.

It is quite evident that during this period of intensive training you will not show yourself in public too often because people might not understand your purpose and jump to the rash conclusion that something in your attic is out of order. Anybody introducing something extraordinary makes this experience and is called a nut. But about ten years from now the above method to train hair will be all the go and even ladies will resort to it to fit their hair to the requirements of a new style in hats.

Common sense and propriety must be your

guide as to the length of whiskers. At any rate if they are longer than 32 inches I would consider them unaesthetic.

In order to keep whiskers in a thriving and healthy condition, they should be combed at least ten times a day with a good curry comb or lawn rake to keep them free of dust and cobwebs. Every morning they must be washed with clean, warm rain water, because like any other plants, they need water and dew.

Whiskers are very sensitive to heat and cold. If the water with which you wash them is hotter than 212 degrees they will die; if the surface upon which they grow freezes to a depth of three inches the result will be just as disastrous.

Some plants are very short-lived, others may get very old. Whiskers belong to the latter class. I have seen specimens that were over ninety years old. Of course, at that age they had lost much of their pristine beauty and they looked rather strawy. So far no petrified samples have been discovered like of so many other plants. Attempts are being made now to raise whiskers in hot houses for the purpose of transplanting them onto barren faces. This would indeed be the greatest triumph of the twentieth century. The next thing to turn up will be a second Burbank to graft black whiskers upon red ones, and vice versa.

At night whiskers should rest easily on top of the covers. Avoid the habit of tucking them under, you might thereby ruin their shape.

The mustache needs special care. It must be continually twisted and twirled that the sun might strike each hair on every side. This will assure evenness of color. Never adopt the bad habit of chewing the mustache, especially when you are angry. The mustache I would call whiskers "de luxe."

(Concluded in next number.)

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PARABLES.

Samuel George Washington Bacon wanted to be a minister so he went to the Board of Trustees of the Darktown Baptist Chuch and presented his request. Now, those so called Ministers of the Bible, didn't know any more about the Bible than did Samuel, but they appointed Squire Jones to examine Samuel, "before you enter the Ministry of the Darktown Baptist Church you must answer the following questions:

"Do you believe in the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible?" "I do believe in the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible," answered Samuel.

Well see here, "What part of the Bible impresses you most?" "Well," said Samuel George Washington Bacon, "I believe that part about the Parables impresses me the most."

"Son," said the Squire, "keep the Devil far away from your mind and tell us about the Parables."

Samuel wiped his head, buttoned his coat, cleared his voice, and began:

"Jesibel was ridin along in his golden chariot to Bethlehem to enroll his name under Caesar Pompey, when he came upon Isabel walking on the dusty road. As soon as Isabel saw Jesibel she said: "White man give us a ride! Jesibel said: 'Sure Isabel, get up behind me.' So Isabel got up behind Jesibel and they proceeded on their journey through Samaria. But when they came nigh on to Jerico they fell among Putafar and his gang of robbers.

Putafar came up to the chariot and said: "Jesibel, throw down Isabel,' so Jesibel threw down Isabel. Putafar said: 'Jesibel throw down Isabel.' Putafar wanted to be real sure that he had Jesibel so he said: 'Jesibel throw down Isabel again.' So Jesibel threw down Isabel again, but pretty soon Jesibel got tired throwing down Isabel and he said: 'Look here Putafar, how many times must I throw down Isabel?' Putafar looked up at Jesibel, rolled his eyes, blew his nose, and said: 'Jesibel you must throw down Isabel, till seventy times seven times.' So Jesibel threw down Isabel till seventy times seven times and from the remains the prodigal son picked up twelve full baskets."

Samuel George Washington Bacon was thereby entered into the Darktown Church as a very learned Minister.

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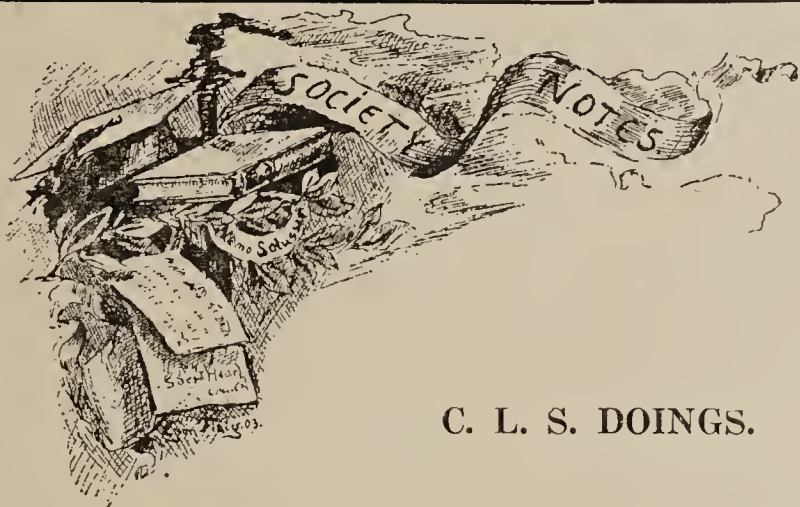
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C. L. S. DOINGS.

The programme rendered by the C. L. S. on the eve of Washington's birthday proved to be as successful as any of those staged this year. It was an adequate tribute to our fond remembrance of the father of our country. After the question of the freedom of the seas had been fairly exhausted by the debaters, much amusement was occasioned by the farce. The participants of this farce have indeed merited our compliments for their enthusiastic and earnest work. A sort of stiffness of movement that often characterizes plays given by amateurs was not evidenced in this performance.

The cast of characters was as follows:

THE EDITOR IN CHIEF.

James Hawthorne, Editor-in-Chief of the Yorkville Scream Joseph Feldkamp
 William Withrow, Sporting Editor of the Scream George Vetter
 Charles Jenkins, Political Editor of the Scream George Lamott
 James Johnson, Police Reporter of the Scream James Connely
 Stephen Jones, Society Editor of the Scream Joseph Schumacher
 Bill Cutter, Copy Reader of the Scream Hugh Striff
 Hank Sampson, Foreman of the Composing Room Francis Miller
 Sam Buckley, A Modern Political Boss Mathew Hyker
 Jack Bottles, A Heavyweight Pugilist Jerome Weinert
 Sam Harrison, Office Boy Bernard Lear
 PLACE — Editorial Room of a Newspaper in the Middle West.
 TIME OF PLAY — Present Day.

Holy Name Meeting.

The Holy Name Society held a meeting last Sunday to elect officers for the second term. After some very timely and appropriate remarks by the Rev. Director, Bernard Lear was elected President, and Charles Feltes Vice-President.

Students who are prone to blame the professors for all their scholastic misfortunes may be enlightened by the following story told by George A. Torrey, former Harvard student, now a famous lawyer, and author of "A Lawyer's Recollections," a most interesting book now found on our Library shelves. Mr. Torrey relates the incident:—

"One of my classmates was reproved for a poor recitation in terms which the student thought were uncalled for. After the recitation was over he went to the Professor's desk and complained of the treatment he had received. I happened to be standing near at the time and heard the conversation. My classmate said, —

'Professor Cook, I think you are entirely unjustified in the way in which you treated me during the recitation and that your remarks were insulting.'

Professor Cook, apparently with great surprise, said, — 'What did I say that leads you to make this accusation?' My classmate rehearsed the occurrence with much feeling, and as he was both grieved and angry he severely criticised the conduct of the Professor. Professor Cook heard him very attentively, and when he had finished the Professor merely said:

'I accept your apology.'

This was such a complete surprise that my classmate could not find words for utterance and the interview ceased at that point."

The professor was lecturing to the students in the Law School. A military company marched by the Law School with full band and drums beating. The noise was such that he was obliged to suspend the lecture. When the clamor had subsided the Professor very quietly said,—"*Inter arma silent leges.*"

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McGinty: "I suppose you have to have an ear for music to play that flute."

Westhoven: "Go on! I don't play it with my ear — — — I play it with my mouth."

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Weinert: "Isn't it pleasant to see a light in your window as you draw near home?"

Connely: "Not at three A. M."

Spring and summer unions in the knee, three quarter and long legs. \$1.50 to 3.00

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In one of our New Spring Shirts — They're the kind of Shirts Young Men like.

High in Value
Low in Price

\$1.25 to
\$8.50

Hilliard & Hamill
The Young Man's Store.

THINGS SEEN IN COLLEGEVILLE.

A good basketball team.
John Jobst.
K.s. Oh! well they are everywhere.
Aloys Kraus, laughing only on one side of his face.
Names is names. Weinert's father is a butcher.
Apologies to Luke McLuke.
One dusky citizen was in uniform. The other clung to his civilian garb and railed against the draft.
"I ain't goin'," he asserted, "and no one is goin' to make me."
"Niggah," replied the other, earnestly. "if Mr. Woodrow Wilson wants you, you go! That man just took an hour of daylight from God Almighty. Then he took all the railroads away from the white folks and give 'em to his son-in-law. What chance has you got?"

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